THE BOMBAY COURIER.

[PUBLISHED TWICE A-WEEK,—EVERY SATURDAY AND TUESDAY MORNING,—PRICE 13 RUPEES PER QUARTER].

VOL. XLII.] TUESDAY, 3 JUNE, 1834. [NO. 2341.

THE half yearly GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the Byculla Club, will be held at the Club House, on Saturday, the 7th of June, at 12 o'clock.

Club-Room, 3d June, 1834.

NOTIFICATION.

Austin Friars, London.

NOTICE is hereby given, that Mr. CHARLES RUSHOUT COCKERELL was this day admitted into our Patnership, which from henceforth will be carried on under the firm of Sir CHARLES COCKERELL and CO.

As witness our hands, this 1st day of January, 1834.

C. COCKERELL,
J. S. BROWNRIGG,
JOHN COCKERELL,
G. G. DE H. LARPENT,
C. RUSHOUT COCKERELL.

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED,

The East Indian's Friend, No. 2. For June, 1834.

CONTENTS.

Letter from No. 1, shewing what various treatment she met with in her Travels,—Monima Solenki, the Rajpoot Orphan,—Bombay A. D. 1834.—An emblem. —A question from an East Indian,—What news to-day? —Religion,—Illustrative Examples, 4 Courage—5 Prudence, —6 Cunning — Doubts removed, or the Scepti convinced,—Epigram from the Anthology, on a man with a long Nose. Selecta—Value of the Bible,—Eastern Luxury,—Miscellanea,—Whale Chase

Arrangements are being made for the delivery of this Periodical regularly at all the Out-stations of the Deckhun and Southern Concan, free of all charge.

Orders to be forwarded to the publisher,—Mr. J. Malvery, No. 2, Nesbit Lane, Fort.

Communications from the Country to be post paid.

FOR Sale, at the Godowns of Messrs. ROGER DE FARIA and Co., the following Wines:—

Very old rich Lisbon of mellow and high flavour, in extra large Pipes.....at Rs.	300	per	pipe.
Ditto.....ditto....at "	200		each
Ditto. in....fifths,..at "	50		do.
Ditto. in....kegs,..at "	40		do.
Choice old Madeira Wine, in Quarter Casks.....at "	100		do.
Old Lisbon in Bottles,at "	10	per	doz.
Ditto. Carcavellos in " Ditto.....at "	10		do.
Genuine Sherry in Original Butts from Spain.....at "	500	per	butt.

Bombay, 3d June, 1834.

FOR SALE,

PRIME Mess BEEF and PORK, just imported per Ship *Clyde.*—Apply to Captain KERR, at the Office of Messrs. RITCHIE, STEUART AND CO.

Bombay, 3d June, 1834.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED—That Commodious upper roomed Bungalow now occupied by A. BELL, Esq., in Love lane, for a period of 4 months from the 1st July next. Rent Rs 150 per month.

TO BE LET—An airy commodious Bungalow called Devon Cottage, lately Whitewashed; situate at Breach Candy Road. Apply to RUSTOMJEE HORMASJEE MODY, at his house in Mody Street, within the Fort.

Bombay, 3d June 1834.

TO BE LET—A commodious airy pleasant upper-roomed Bungalow, at Cambalia, opposite to the Bee-hive, lately occupied by A. N. SHAW, Esquire. Apply to Moody SORABJEE VATCHA, Gandy, at his office, opposite to the Town Major's office.

Bombay, 3d June, 1834

FOR SALE—The BOMBAY CALENDAR and ALMANAC for the present year, containing Rules, Regulations, and other matter of local interest not previously published together with a List of the Officers of His Majesty's and the Hon'ble Company's Service now in His Highness the Nizam's Army. Price five rupees per copy.

FOR SALE at the Courier Office—A CODE OF SIGNALS, with a list of Vessels and their corresponding numbers in H. M. Service, and the Commercial Navy of Great Britain, together with those belonging to the Port of Bombay. Price, one rupee.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LONDON,

THE well known Ship "PALAMBAM," Capt. WILLIS, will be despatched for London, on the 9th Instant.

This vessel carries a Surgeon and has excellent accommodation for pasengers, plans of which may be seen at the office of Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL AND CO.

Bombay, 3d June, 1834.

FOR LIGHT FREIGHT TO CALCUTTA,

THE fine English built Brig MARY, of 344 Tons, JOHN MORTON Commander; will positively be dispatched for the above port on the 8th Inst.-For terms of freight apply to McGregor, Edmond & CO.

Bombay, 2d June, 1834.

FOR PASSAGE TO CLYDE,

THE fast sailing ship MOUNTSTUART ELPHINSTONE, A. SMALL, Commander, will be despatched for Port Glasgow, early in this month.

This vessel has good accommodation for Passengers, and carries aSurgeon.

Apply to Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL, AND CO.

Rampart Row, 3d June, 1834.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO CALCUTTA,

THE fine Ship KING WILLIAM, STEWARD, Commander, will sail for Calcutta about 10th Instant.

Apply to Captain Steward at the Office of Messrs. WILLIAM NICOL and Co.

Rampart Row, 3d June 1834.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LONDON,

THE fine ship EARL of ELDON, of 600 Tons, EDWARD THEAKER, Commander. This vessel has a Poop and excellent accommodations for Passengers, and will sail early in July, 1834, for London.

Apply at the office of Messrs. RITCHIE, STEUART AND CO.

Bombay, 3d June, 1834.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO CHINA,

THE fine new Ship CLYDE, 600 Tons, JOHN KERR, Commander, has still room for a few hundred Bales of Cotton, and will have quick despatch.—Apply to Captain KERR, on board, or at the office of Messrs. RITCHIE, STEUART and Co.

Bombay, 3d June, 1834.

PASSAGE TO LIVERPOOL,

THE ORIENTAL, 512 tons, G. FIDLER, Commander. Carries a Surgeon, for plans of her Cabins apply to Captain FIDLER, at the Office of DIROM, CARTER, AND CO.

FOR FREIGHT OF OPIUM OR PASSAGE TO CHINA,

THE ISABELLA, 600 Tons, D. BROWN, Commander. Has her Cargo engaged, and will be immediately dispatched. Apply to Captain BROWN, at the Office Dirom, Carter and Co.

Bombay, 3d June, 1834.

FOR FREIGHT OR PASSAGE TO LONDON,

THE fine new British built Ship "PRINCE GEORGE," of 500 Tons, FRANCIS SHAW, (H. C. S.) Commander, has excellent accommodations for Passengers, and carries an experienced Surgeon; will have quick despatch.—Apply to the Commander, at the office of McGREGOR, EDMOND and Co.

Bombay, 3d June. 1834

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

ARRIVALS.

Supg. Surgeon J. Orton, from Poonah.

Ditto, G. Smyttan, P. D. A., from Mahabuleshwur.

DEPARTURES.

Lieut. and Adjt. W. Long, 22d Regt. N. I. to Ahmedabad.

Ensign C. R. Whitelock, 11th Regt. N. I. to Panwell.

Lieut. W. Jacob, Survey Department, to Poonah.

SHIPPING REPORT.

ARRIVALS

None since our last.

DEPARTURES.

June 1st. Ship Pascoa, W. Morgan, Master, to China.

— Brig Nassary, Abdull Rahim, Nacquedah, to the Malay Coast.

A LIST OF SHIPPING IN THE HARBOUR.

HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP—Hyacinth.

HON'BLE COMPANY'S GUARD-SHIP,—Hastings.

Do. SLOOPS OF WAR.—Benares and Elphinstone.

Do. Schooners, Shannon and Royal Tiger,

DITTO, FLOATING CHAPEL,—Aurora

FREE TRADERS,— Clyde, Gipsey, Schooner Hellas, Palambam, Mona, Diana, Mountstuart Elphinstone, Aliquis, Bombay Packet, Oriental, Mary, King William and Prince George.

COUNTRY VESSELS—Shaw Byramgore, Prime, Caledonia, Francis Warden, Maackbar, Dadaloy, Sir Charles Malcolm, Hormusjee Bomanjee, Edmonstone, Earl of Clare, Hannah, Isabella, William the Fourth, and Abgarus

PORTUGUESE.—Ship St. Anna, and Cæsar.

ARAB.—Fazel Kurim, Ahmoody, Futtay Nesser, Shahool Hamud, and Imaum's Brig Tawze.

THE COURIER.

TUESDAY, 3 JUNE, 1834.

The *Water Witch* from Canton 27th March arrived at Calcutta on the 17th ult. Letters received here yesterday by her give the following commercial intelligence:—

CANTON, 21*st March*, Opium-Patna, at Drs. 550 to 555
Malwa " " 600 to 605

Prices appear from this to have gone down subsequently to the *Red Rover's* departure. Clearances however were going on rapidly, but still there was no eagerness to buy.

The company's factory had closed their Treasury for bills on Bengal.

Exchange on England was at 4,10 to 5s.

The *Sarah* had been despatched to England with 3,700 bales of Nankin raw silk.

The editor of the *Calcutta Courier* in stating, on the authority of a letter from Loodianah, that the Sutledge is now free, and that a fleet of boats left that town in April for Mittenkôt, at the junction of the Indus and Ghurra, expresses his surprise that so little has been done, comparatively, on this side of India to take advantage of the opening of the Indus. Whether the circumstance be notices, however, is owing to the late treaty with the Ameers does not appear; but if so, it is not exactly the first use which has been made of it; for Europe goods were purchased here some months since by a native of Shikarpoor, we believe, which were to be taken to that town by water. It must be acknowledged, however, that scarcely any thing has yet been done here in consequence of the opening of the Indus. What this may be owing to we cannot say unless it be the disturbed state in which Sinde has been placed for the last year by the proceedings of Shah Shooja, and the want of definitive arrangements on the part of the Supreme Government for the collection of duties on the river. That there is no want of enterprise among the natives to take advantage of the new channel of communication is evident from the progress of the Malwa opium trade, one third of which has been directed within the last few years across the deserts north of Guzerat to Karachee, and thus exposed for a comparatively trifling profit to dangers infinitely greater than those presented by the Indus. The causes, therefore, we have mentioned must be those, and those only, that are operating against the navigation of the river towards its mouth. And here we cannot help expressing our surprise that so little has been done by Government to remove one of them at least. Mr. Trevelyan, it is true, was deputed some time since to frame a tariff of duties for the Indus, but little good appears to have been done by this, although a mass of information was collected by him which rendered the formation of a tariff an easy task. Since that period, however, the subject would seem to have been lost sight of; and the result cannot be a matter of surprise. For it is absurd to suppose, in the present state of our relations with Sinde, that what has been done with regard to the Indus is alone of much service. No security has yet been given that merchandise will not be subjected to all the obstacles it would have met with in passing up the river previous to the late treaty; nor is it known what the amount and mode of collecting duties are to be; and the settlement of these points is indispensable to the establishment of any commercial intercourse.

Whether difficulties are met with in negotiating with the Ameers we cannot say; but every thing else may be arranged with the greatest ease. Instead of a complicated tariff, calculated only to annoy and fetter commerce, let a simple toll—the lowest which it is possible to get the parties to consent to—be fixed upon tonnage, and paid in passing the boundaries of each state on the banks of the river; and let an European agent be established for a time at Tatta to report on the conduct of the native authorities in levying this toll, as well as on other points connected with the navigation of the river. This done, and we will venture to say it will not be many months before the natives on this side of India resort to the Indus as much as those of Loodianah; and carry on a commerce infinitely more valuable than the latter can ever hope to possess.

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Public Expenditure apart from Taxation; or Remarks on the Inadequate and Excessive Pay of Public Servants. By Daniel Wakefield, jun., Esq. London, 1834.

EDMUND BURKE, in his famous letter to the noble lord, who accused him of being a pensioner, defines economy to be a "distributive virtue, and to consist *not in saving, but selection.*" This is the pith of Mr. Wakefield's book, condensed inte one millionth part of the space. Mr. Wakefield appears to think that he has made a discovery in pointing out the necessity of grounding the public expenditure on principles of equitable distribution, rather than careful retrenchment; but Edmund Burke was before him in that view of the question. The only difference is that Mr. Wakefield enters into the minute details of an opinion which Burke dismissed with a stroke of his pen. They have both done the state some service, but Burke indicated the depths of the inquiry, which Mr. Wakefield, with varying success, has illuminated.

The objects involved in this inquiry are the disproportion of pay to service—injurious monopolies—overpay of officers of state—extravagance for the sake of patronage—unfit appointments, arising out of favouritism and excessive emoluments—and inequality of rewards in different branches of the public service. We believe that the machinery of our expenditure is so confused and intricate, that any thing short of a new system can hardly reach the mass of evils that oppress our body politic. From this very confusion spring a thousand different suggestions, each of which has some special merit to recommend it, but none of which can be adopted until the legislature is prepared to commence a new mode of governing the country. So long as the aristocracy hangs upon the people, it would be impossible to bring any of the numerous theories of improvement completely into operation; but, if something be gained—a snatch of good, however slight—the labours of our advisers will not have been altogether useless.

His illustrations of the effects of our pinching in some places that we may spend in others, contain a few melancholy facts, that cannot be too often brought under the notice of government. In reference to the poorer order of the clergy, he draws a picture as calamitous as it is true.

Bearing in mind these two points, the mode and amount of payment best adapted to secure efficient service from clergymen, and the social position in which they ought to be placed, let us now look at the state of those referred to in the parliamentary paper above noticed, or rather, let us look at the state of one out of the 1639, with salaries not exceeding 60*l.* a-year. Need it be said that a functionary who, in point of rank, is on a level with the first of those confided to his care, can, according to the present price of food and clothing, scarce live at all on such an income? This is clearly proved by the fact, that no clergyman ever attempts to live on so small a sum, if it be in his power to increase it. This is done in various ways without at first sight appearing to degrade clergymen who unite other callings to their sacred one, for the purpose of obtaining a livelihood. Nevertheless, this necessity for adding to his income often causes a clergyman to follow some pursuit which altogether distracts his attention, and puts it out of his power to devote any industry, zeal, or knowledge that he may possess to the services of his office, and sometimes makes him utterly unfit to be a religious teacher. An underpaid clergyman often becomes a school-master, and undertakes the task of teaching, and carries on the trade of boarding and lodging children; a disagreeable and irksome occupation, which places him in his character of schoolmaster beneath those whom his character of clergyman places him above, and absorbs all the time which ought to be given in return for his pay. Sometimes, instead of the straight road of industry, he is forced into the crooked and slippery paths that now and then lead to aggrandizement. He becomes chaplain to a great man, or tutor to a great man's son, or attaches himself to a party in the political disputes of his country; so that by means of speeches at public meetings, writing in newspapers or political pamphlets, he is worth purchasing with a fleece of preferment. To succeed this way, however, he must generally be a man of some abilities, energy, and courage. The majority of poor clergymen do not possess these qualities, and, therefore, many are found at great men's tables, with no addition to their stipends beyond what can be earned as parasities, subservient to the follies and vices of their patrons. Men of this class never think of marrying, and may be said to be condemned to celibacy as much as priests of the Roman Catholic church.

In public offices, the evils of disproportionate rewards are also notorious.

The practice which has generally prevailed on creating new places, or on altering the arrangement of old ones, to be paid out of a certain sum obtained from Parliament, has been to make a number of superior places, to which pay has been affixed, according to a vague idea of the appearance in the world which the holder ought to make in comparison with persons of the same rank; and then to apportion what money was left amongst the inferior places, according to the same idea of appearance. The places have then been distribnted amongst the applicants for them, according to the influence which by means of his connections, or otherwise, each could bring to bear on the minister in whose department they were. From this mode, two evils, a great disproportion between the superior and inferior places, and a total disregard of fitness in the selection of functionaries, have arisen. Besides these, another evil proving that the subject of the proportion of pay to service has never been attentively considered in our public departments, is the absence of any general rule respecting the increase of salary. In some departments, the principle of succession by rotation is adopted; in some, it is admitted only up to a certain point; and in some, it is not admitted at all. The same remark applies to retired or superannuation allowances. There is no scale, nor any thing approaching to one, by which pay and service, past or present, can be measured. In one office, a number of years of assiduous attention to busines is no title to an allowance, which is earned in another by comparative neglect. In another, those who are liable to lose their places by a change of ministry or by other occurrences, are not better paid than men having precisely the same services to perform, whose places are for life. In consequence of this disregard of the general principles of fairness, method, and arrangement, all kinds of anomalies have sprung up. In some departments, old and decrepid bachelors at the head of an office, although nearly incapable of transacting business at all, receive large salaries; whilst, under the same roof, married men with families may be found, able and anxious to perform the service for half or a quarter of the money given to others for only pretending to perform it. In some departments, young men of private income as large as their salaries, or quite large enough to render them idle, frivolous, and negligent, are placed above those who have grown grey in the service, without any means of subsistence, except those derived from a salary perhaps half as much as that of the striplings who command them.

One of the consequences of these inconsistencies is, that when reductions come to be considered, the claims of the inferior clerks are sacrificed.

Whenever Parliament has insisted upon reducing the public expenditure, clerks in inferior places have been discharged with very little hesitation, and sometimes without any notice. Nobody can justify this mode of proceeding, even in cases where such men were not indispensable to the public service: for they were entitled to as much notice at least as those receiving higher salaries, who have never been turned out without having years to provide for the change. But clerks in inferior stations have been turned adrift at a few months' warning, who were required for the proper performance of the business of their offices; whilst those in superior stations, who were not wanted and who neither could nor would attend to the business transacted by their inferiors, were retained.

Our representatives abroad, who maintain British glory by the blaze of their liveries, do not escape the lash of Mr. Wakefield's indignation. They have a distinguished niche in his gallery. All the real business —which is but little—is transacted by the secretaries the rest is show and profusion.

In the large towns of Paris, Petersburg, and Vienna, our diplomatic servants vie with the first people of the country in luxury of all kinds; and in the small towns, such as Naples, Florence, and Genoa, they live more splendidly than the King to whom they are accredited. The portion of time occupied in rendering service for the enormous salaries which enable English diplomatists to live in this way, is, in reality, next to nothing. The most important business generally transacted by them is taking care to have the most splendid equipage, the best kitchen, the best wine, and the prettiest danseuses of the country in which they reside. Writing to Paris for a new cook is a grave morning's work for many a minister plenipotentiary from his Britannic Majesty. The routine business of the mission, such as signing passports, introducing Englishmen of the aristocratic class to a banker, and writing a letter once a fortnight, full of the gossip of the court, called a despatch, is transacted by secretaries paid by the public. If any thing beyond such matters is to be done, a courier is straightway sent off to London for instructions; who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, might as well take the answer obtained in

Downing-street directly to the minister for foreign affairs of the courts, as to the English representative. Such a mode of proceeding, however, would betray the inutility of an ambassador, destroy the mystery of the system, and detract from the dignity of England Yes; for be it known to those who admire the simplicity, industry, and intelligence of American residents at foreign courts, that our diplomatists are mostly chosen, and monstrously paid, with a view to support the dignity of England Generally a man who displays knowledge, quickness, prudence, assiduity, and zeal in transacting business, can manage to support his own dignity, and that of his employers without extravagance or waste. But the chief business of English diplomacy is ostentation; the practice of an art in which two and two do not always make four. The supporters of this system maintain that the dignity of England is better upheld by keeping a retinue of servants, giving large parties, and travelling with a suite of carriages than by displaying the qualities remarkable in American diplomatists. An English ambassador, they say, had better cut a dash in an inn-yard, and rival Russian slave-owners in the estimation of French post-boys, than render real services for his princely pay.

From these extracts, the tone and character of the work may be fairly estimated. The author is a bold reformer; he does not stop short at any point of delicacy to persons or castes, but pursues his object uncompromisingly. That there is much matter in his book well worthy of attention, must have already appeared from the excerpta we have given; and if he succeed in merely inducing the public to think about the difference between rash retrenchment and a judicious system of rewards, he will have accomplished an object of considerable importance.—*Atlas, Jan.* 26.

A DREAM OF ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

THE FIELD OF PRODUCTION AN ELEMENT OF WEALTH.

(FROM ENGLAND AND AMERICA.)

I had been puzzling myself to get over a difficulty in political economy by means of logic, when, growing more and more confused, I at last had the good luck to fall asleep. Good luck, I say, because during my sleep I had a dream, which explained to me why profits and wages, both together, are so low in England and so high in America. This was my dream:

I was shipwrecked and cast into the sea. I heard the shrieks of my shipmates who were drowning, and felt the pain of having my own head struck against a rock. My next impression was less disagreeable. I found myself alone, but quite well, in Robinson Crusoe's island, walking up the green slope from the creek to the cave. Robinson came out by his ladder to meet me, and said, with a smile,—"Welcome! countryman." For my part, I embraced him tenderly, as an old and very dear friend. Presently, Friday ran up to us, and, though he made me laugh by bowing very low and kicking up his legs, backwards, one after the other, expressing respect and joy at the same time, still, I could not help shaking hands with him also, the faithful creature. Robinson asked me to take something after my voyage; but I, not to be behind him in politeness, seeing that he was in a hurry to show me his fine things said,—"Not at present, thank you; I should like to see your improvements." Hereupon he led me, first to his crops, which had a most creditable appearance; and then within the inclosure, where I admired his goats, the tools which had cost him so much trouble, and the great store of provisions and seeds which he had laid up. At length, we sat down to a very respectable dinner of fish and roasted kid; chatting as follows during the meal:—

Dreamer.—"Altogether, Mr. Crusoe, you seem quite at your ease."

Robinson.—"Why, yes, blessed be God! but I have had my trials. It was a sore trial when I was obliged to sow the seed that I would fain have eaten, and when I had no Friday to help me; but I have been very comfortable since I got before the world, with a good stock of seeds, tools, and goats; nay, since I lighted on Friday, I have lived like a gentleman, quite at my ease, as you say."

D.—"You are a capitalist now, Robinson?"

R.—"Capitalist,! what is that?"

D.—"Why, seeds, tools, and goats are capital, and, as you possess these, you are a capitalist. Friday works: you direct him, and give him a share of the produce: Friday is a labourer."

R.—"A labourer! yes, he works; a share! he takes what he pleases"

D.—"Of course, high wages of labour, eh; and high profits of stock also, or you would not be so much at your ease, Mr. Robinson Crusoe,"

R.—"I have forgotten some of my English. High wages of labour, high profits of stock! what are they?"

D.—"In this island, high wages mean, that you can let Friday take what he pleases without stinting yourself: and high profits mean, that Friday takes what he pleases without stinting you. Friday's labour, with the aid of your seeds, tools, and goats, produces plenty for both of you."

R.—"Yes, but hark! man Friday! friend! down upon your knees! here's another earthquake!"

And sure enough it was a terrible earthquake; for though it hurt none of us, and did not last a minute, when we recovered ourselves and passed from the cave, through the inclosure, and over the outer fence, behold, every part of the island was covered with water, except the rock which formed the cave and about half an acre of land in front of us. Robinson and his man knelt again, and returned thanks to God for having preserved our lives, whilst I stood by, distressed to think of what would become of them with only that half acre of land. Crusoe's calmness and resignation were quite admirable. Rising, he embraced Friday, saying—"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" Poor Friday, however, began to cry; and I felt disposed to keep him company, when Robinson, pointing to the inclosure, said,—"We have plenty left, food for a year, seed, tools and goats; capital, sir, I think you called them?"

"But what," asked I, "is the use of capital without a field to employ it on? Your goats will be starved, and with no more than this little bit of land you will be unable to use half your tools, or a quarter of your seeds."

Robinson looked rather blank at this, but said,—"We must do with less; there will be less for Friday and less for me, but enough, I hope, to keep us alive."

"Low wages and low profits," said I; "but that is a shocking state to be in. Cannot you set Friday to make, with the things that are left from your wreck, instruments and ornaments for some neighbouring savages, who have more food than they know what to do with? In that way, if Friday were expert and industrious, you might be better supplied than ever."

"Our neighbours," answered Robinson, "would make food of us if they could."

"Oh!" said I, "I had forgotten that restriction on trade. Well, you cannot enlarge your field of production in that way, and it is a sad affair; but I know what the English political economists would advise; for Friday's sake, at least."

"Political economists!" exclaimed Robinson, 'who are they?"

"They are," I replied, "a new sect, and have set up a new god, which is called Capital, and which they worship devoutly."

"The wicked idolaters! but what would they advise?"

"Only for Friday's sake, mind, in order that his wages might be higher, they would advise you to increase your capital."

"What! when I have already more than Friday and I shall know how to use?"

"Yes; with abundance of capital, they believe, wages are sure to be high."

"And my share, the profits I think you called it, how is that to be made high?"

"By diminishing your capital, so that wages may be low; for they, when wages are low, profits are sure to be high."

Here Robinson laughed so loud that I awoke; saying to myself—The only way in which Robinson and his man could get back to high profits and high wages, would be by getting back the land that they have lost.

By this dream I was led to observe, that the modern economists, in treating of the production and distribution of wealth, have overlooked the chief element of production, namely, the field in which capital and labour are employed.

In America profits and wages, both, are high. In America the land is so good, it returns so large a produce to capital and labour, however unskilfully employed, that all who cultivate it obtain plenty, like Robinson and his man in the first part of my dream; the share of the masters being called high profits, and that of the servants high wages. Moreover, the good land in America is so plentiful, that no one is forced to employ his capital or labour less productively than in agriculture. Consequently, all the capital employed in America yields high profits and high wages; the high profits and wages of agriculture being spent in giving high profits and wages to capitalists and labourers engaged in other pursuits. The productiveness of all capital and labour is very great, and does not decrease with the increase of capital and labour: because, however rapid that increase, it is accompanied by a corresponding increase of the very productive field. The continued high profits and high wages of America, then, appear to arise from the large proportion which, in America, the field of production continually bears to capital and labour.

In England, on the contrary, the field of production is limited, first by nature, and next by the corn laws, which decree that the people of the united kingdom shall have no bread but that which is grown in the united kingdom. This limited field, moreover, is so full of capitalists, that these, by competing with each other, reduce profits to a very low rate; and so full of labourers, that these by competing with each other, reduce wages to a very low rate. If it were not for this severe competition amongst capitalists, a greater difference than actually exists between the prices of English and American corn would show the vast difference between the natural fertility of land in England and land in America: if it were not for this severe competition amongst labourers, English labour, which, from the mode in which it is employed, is so much more productive than American labour, in the number of hands, would be better paid, instead of being far worse paid than American labour. In England, both classes, capitalists and labourers, are fighting for room. Consequently, it may be said, that, in England, low profits and low wages are owing to the small proportion which the field of production continually bears to capital and labour.—*Albion, Dec.* 30.

FOX HUNTERS.

No doubt the sportsman of the present day is a much more civilized being than the Squire Western of the time of George II., or the Tory fox-hunter of George I. no doubt the change from brutal manners, arising from brutal ignorance, to courteous behavior, founded on a reasonable quantity of knowledge and the habits of fashionable society, is an immense improvement; but we suspect from the tone of the following letter in that amusing publication *Th Sporting Magazine*, that there is a tendency in the present race of Nimrods to degenerate into dandy-huntsmen—an incongruous mixture of "Dit antipalpiti," and "Yoicks, tally-ho!"—of scented handkerchiefs and *haut-gogt* fox-tails—of Captain Bluff and Jessamy Fribble. Surely the writer of the letter must be quizzing the Meltonians when he represents them as controlling their triumph, and not shocking the ears of ladies with anything so barbarous as the pleasure of a successful run, or the merits of a horse which rivals the wind. Fudge! fudge! fudge! What do ladies go to Melton for, if they take no interest in these sports? The ladies do not like to see the hardy sportsmen melted down into an effeminate resemblance of their own sex, any more than men like to see women transformed into Thalestrises and Aunt Westerns. It we were to believe the letter-writer (who, however, is we suspect a sly wag), we should think that the Meltonians had adopted the plan of the celebrated weaver and actor Bottom, who, when enacting a lion, undertook "to roar as gently as any sucking dove—to roar as 'twere any nightingale."

"One is continually hearing of the 'march of intellect'—how greatly every branch of society is benefited by it!—but in nothing, in my opinion, is it so perceptible as in the present race of fox-hunting gentlemen. I had the pleasure, perhaps I should say honour, lately of passing two days with a select party of Meltonians, amongst whom were the Russian Ambassador Lords Rokeby and Kinnaird, Mr. Gilmour, &c. It would be quite impossible for gentlemen to conduct themselves with greater propriety, or render their company more acceptable to ladies generally. Although they had most brilliant sport, and we read their satisfaction in their looks, there were no noisy discussions during dinner of the merits of the run; no extravagant praises bestowed on each individual horse that distinguished itself; no betting, no bargaining, or any stable subjects! The conversation was general, intellectual, and such as the ladies could participate in—to improve and to be improved. Thank heaven! we have no 'Squire Westerns now-a-days to shock us with their profaneness, and disgust us with their profligacy. Fifty years since a lover of the chase was a being to be dreaded,—little more intellectual than the animal he pursued; punch and tobacco seemed to form the *summum bonum* of earthly felicity, and to call the indignant blush into the cheek of a modest female the very acme of wit.

"'Look on this picture, and on this.'

Now a Meltonian and a gentleman are synonymous terms. The West-end of our gorgeous metropolis sends the choicest scions of fashion to that highly-favoured spot. Members of the Senate gladly steal from the cares, the perplexities of a Court, to enjoy its calmer pleasures; scholars quit their laborious studies for a time, to seek health and innocent recreation; men of the most polished manners, refined ideas, and strictest honour, alone constitute society there. To be one of them a man must be known—his connexions known—his habits of life known: the slightest deviation of honourable principle is his ruin. Let it once be suspected that he is a designing adventurer, and he is shunned spontaneously as a plague. Should any former associate, prompted by compassion or the memory of happy by-gone hours, attempt to palliate the offence, he is looked upon with almost equal suspicion, so scrupulously nice are they respecting character. In support of these few hasty remarks, I have only to evidence Melton's proudest boast—the ladies, who are delighted to accompany their husbands, and remain during the winter perfectly happy and content. Were fox-hunters such as some would fain represent them, would husbands take their wives, the mothers of their children, to breathe the same atmosphere with beings so depraved? No, no! the thing would outrage every natural feeling. And that there are ladies at this moment at Melton of such unsullied purity of character that not even Malignity has ever dared to asperse with its pestiferous and blighting breath or Envy dreamed of tarnishing, is a fact beyond dispute."—*Times, Jan.* 2.

ANECDOTE OF THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

(*From the Inverness Courier.*)

VARIOUS anecdotes illustrative of the sagacity and fidelity of the shepherd's dog, are related by that "pawky shepherd" who lingers by St. Mary's Loch and by others skilled in pastoral history and statistics It has often been slyly insinuated that much of the immense loss over the country imputed to the foxes is caused by the shepherd's dogs. Now there is no calumny so dangerous as that which is in some part true: and true it is, that excepting perhaps the Newfoundland dog, there is no other variety so destructive to sheep as the real thorough-bred shepherd's dog when he once breaks through restraint. His sagacity and cunning are sometimes in these cases so remarkable, that he is not easily caught; only, that he commits the act after a manner that leads an experienced shepherd at once to detect his doings and distinguish them from those of the fox. Of the artfully concealed depredations of dogs, many extraordinary instances could be given. The following we owe to an intelligent gentleman, to whom it was related by a Clydesdale farmer. It was while he was busy with his harvest, during the latter end of September and beginning of October, and trying to secure a good crop of oats, that the former had called his shepherds to assist; for they looked after their flock in the morning, and were enabled to join the reapers afterwards. At this time, one of them sought his master, with a face of anxious importance, to tell him, that no less than three of his sheep (hogs) had been killed during the night by the fox; or rather, as he thought, by a dog; for they were all much torn and mangled. This was any thing but good news; but what could be done save to attend *the hill* by day-break next morning, when the shepherd found that no less than other four were killed, in a manner similar to the former. There was now no doubt about the matter. The felon was clearly not a fox, for he rarely if ever takes more than one at a time, and he is far too adroit in his calling to miss his first hold, which is always the throat. There he keeps, until his poor victim is powerless, Reynard having, during the conflict, cut the artery. He then laps the blood, and if he eats at that time any of the carcase, it is merely what he considers *dapes opimæ*, that is, a small portion of the fat on the breast. A famous dog on the Cheviots, about thirty years ago, which our worthy friend, Mr. Paterson of Sandside, tells various stories of, used to kill sometimes thirty in a night and never broke one of them, except at the loin, whore, like a true *gourmand*, he treated himself with perhaps a kidney and part of the fat. On the occasion in question, the farmer saw there was no time to lose, for when once a dog begins this felonious warfare, there is no end to the carnage but by the death of the destroyers. A council was held with the shepherds and others, but all declared, that "it could be no dog about their town." The shepherds accordingly set off to declare their suspicions of their neighbours, and to warn them of death to their dogs, could they only be discovered in the act. The next morning two other sheep were found killed, but not so much torn; the murderer seeming to be acquiring address from practice. All the dogs within several miles were confined during the next night, and for a considerable time afterwards, but nevertheless the destruction proceeded regularly almost night after night, until there was a dead loss of fully two score. There seemed no prospect of discovering the cause of the evil, until a shepherd from a neighbouring farm, who had a liking for one of the servant lasses, and who also felt indignant at the suspicions thrown out upon his dogs, thought of going to see his sweetheart when all was quiet at the farm. It happened to be a clear moonlight night, and as the lovers sat, sheltered by the shepherd's plaid, on rising ground a little before day-break, he observed two dogs go to the little rivulet, and, as he afterwards said do all that two dogs could do in the way of cleaning themselves, by swimming in a pool of the stream, and afterwards rolling themselves on the dewy grass, after which they as carefully licked one another all over. This aroused the attention of the pair and they kept as silent as two grey-stones, until the dogs, having satisfied themselves that they had left no marks, went towards the farm-house, when the girl and her companion followed them at a wary distance. She went into the kitchen, and lighting a candle, found her master's dog and the cow-herd boy's both lying in their usual places, both wet, and clean from any appearance of blood, but looking as most dogs and some men look when caught in a mischief. The shepherd and his lass agreed to keep silence in the meantime; but he made his appearance in daylight, as the people arose to their work, and said, he had all along suspected that their own dogs were the ill-doers, and that he had taken the pains to come over on purpose to watch them, a thing they ought to have done themselves. He then told what he had witnessed. The two dogs were examined most carefully, but by that time they were dry and clean. The farmer said, he would watch himself, and he did so, but nothing appeared. That night, however, for the first time no hogs were found worried. Next night he made the doors he left open and assisted by others, watched again; and about midnight, looked into the kitchen, when his own dog and boy's were both absent, and about day-break, they saw them proceed to the water, and go through the precaution swimming, rolling, and licking themselves as after which they went home. The truth was revealed—the delinquents were instantly killed, when decided evidence appeared of predations—affording one more instance of the sagacity caution and cunning of the shepherd's dog, when, yielding to his latent bad propensities, he takes to worrying his flock.—*Glasgow Argus, Dec.* 23.

GAMBLING IN PARIS.

(*From our own correspondent.*)

Gambling is quite the order of the day. Lord Granville, the King's representative, shame be it said, is foremost in the field in the English club, at the corner of the Rue de Grammont, where money to an enormous amount is daily won and lost. Count Flahaults, Lady Keith's husband; Delmar and Rothschild, the Jew twins; *Lame Lockwood*, the living skeleton, Tarleton, with his confederate, Bland, the renowned Levanter, are its prominent features. Our ambassador and *Rotchy*, as he is dubbed here, have lost latterly to Tarleton and his *clique*, enormons sums. At the Salon, Hope, the Amsterdam merchant, is, without doubt, the fattest and the best feathered pigeon. Auriol ("Old Vulgarity's" ugly customer), old Heneage, and Chesterfield, are sinking their superfluous rouleaus with great sang froid. Frascati's abounds with every description of abandoned characters, both male and female; and the hells in the Palais Royal swarm with those base characters whom the *Satirist* has been the means of driving from the Quadrant and St. James's. The most notorious characters I have witnessed skulking in this horrid and heartrending scene of misery, are old Stibert, bent double with age and debauchery; Paddy Dalton, Lord Stair's toady, generally known as "the *ci-devant jeune homme?*" and though last, not least, the hellite O'Brien, who, it is reported, has formed a connexion with Gordon and some of Acland's gang to fleece our unsuspicious countrymen; but this miscreant, being already known to the police, will find it much more difficult than he anticipates to execute his plans.—*Satirist, Jan.* 12.

GREAT MEN AND PRETTY WOMEN.

The numerous disproportion of ladies on the Pension List, compared to the other sex, being about 918 to 228, is excessively puzzling to the uninitiated, of which number, such is the mystery of this document, we are not ashamed to confess ourselves. It is really hard to conceive how so many of the fair sex have proved themselves so serviceable to the country; but it is, doubtless, perfectly correct. Or, if they have not rendered direct service, they have done it, we cannot for a moment doubt, indirectly; as thus:—A great man makes the country his debtor for certain hardships and dangers he has gone through on her behalf; he deserves well of the country, and is rewarded accordingly. A pretty woman comforts the great man. Well, is she not also deserving of reward. Assuredly. The great man serves his country, and the pretty woman solaces the great man—a most indubitable claim for reward. "Love me, love my dog," is a maxim of approved fitness and propriety. Pay me, and I will take care you shall have to pay my mistress, is another principle successfully acted upon by those who have possessed the power of regulating the springs of the state machine—so convenient, but, to weak minds, so startling a doctrine. Not that it is openly avowed and confessed—morality forbids that. But what matters it when handsome women are paid for cheering the leisure moments of our great captains, and statesmen, and generals, if such payment be put down to quite another description of services? They *are* paid, and that is enough. The country would not save a farthing if the secret history of every pension were laid bare to public view; we should simply gain a deal of curious and unprofitable knowledge: besides, we are quite of opinion that men in "high places" ought to be rendered as comfortable as possible; and, considering they serve us with such prodigious zeal and fidelity, it does seem devilish hard, we confess, that they should be debarred from quartering a few of their fair friends on the public purse; the country cannot reasonably expect them not to do it, if they have the opportunity.—*Satirist, January* 5.

A MUSICAL NOTE.

(FROM THE COMIC OFFERING.)

MY DEAREST MATILDA,—Under present circumstances I hardly know how to address you; I intended to give you a long *prelude*, but consider that unnecessary between friends, so shall proceed at once to the *subject*. I therefore inform you that I have come to the *finale* of my *solos*, and have taken the *first line* in the *duet* of matrimony; for you must know I stipulated before marriage to be the *dominant* of that delightful *chord* which *ties* two fond hearts together: it certainly is a *chord* that admits of violent *discords*, but a little *resolution* soon produces *harmony!*

My present husband makes my seventh lover, and like the bullet in *Der Freischutz*, has hit the mark. I might have had a husband before, out of six former admirers: there was that tall stripling, my "*minor third*," and the stout, dull, middle-aged gentleman, my "*flat fifth*," as I used to call them, both dying to have me: but our hearts never *beat* in *unison*, and they have *glided* away from my memory like a dream. 'Tis true my husband reverses the proverb of the *last* not being *least*, for I must own he is rather *diminuendo*, and in every sense of the word my "*diminish'd seventh.*" I could wished to have waited for one more offer, to have stretched an *octave*, but I found I was "*increasing in my*

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time" most terribly, (for if the truth must be spoken I am verging on *forty*,) so to have refused him would have been a *little flat* on my part, which you know is not *a-t-all natural* in a woman of my years: but my dearest Matilda, I trust you will be *piano* about *forty*, for I only own to thirty.

You must be informed that my *beau* is naturally a *bow* a little cut of the upright; and you must recollect there is a slight defect in one of my shoulders; so he says we certainly were *bent* on having each other! But I assure you since our marriage we have been very much *straiten'd*, and even in this cold weather I am obliged, for the sake of economy, to keep so small a fire, that I generally give my grate *three bars rest!*

I believe that I have not informed you that my husband is professional, and he gives instruction on the violin and flute.

We were a little annoy'd the other day,—and I merely mention it to put you on your guard in wording advertisements:—we placed in our window, "*Flute and Piano forte taught*,"—and a wag left his *flute* with a note "requesting it might be taught *twelve* of the most popular airs, and he would call and pay for it; but his piano must be taught at home, it being too cumbrous to move!" We have altered it to "*Instruction given on the flute and piano forte*," which, by the by, does not exactly please me, for I am sure *we* cannot afford to give any thing! Now should my dear Matilda be able to recommend us, she will be rendering great assistance to her old friend, and enable her to exchange some of her *notes* for cash; for she finds it useless to *run a chromatic scale* against a *butcher's weight*, or expect the score of an opera to pay off any old scores. Hoping to hear that an *overture* of a tender nature has been made to my dear Matilda, I remain, her true friend, A. SHARP.

P. S.—I consider myself very fortunate, for I almost began to despair; and I look on my dear husband as quite an ACCIDENTAL SHARP!—*Albion, Nov.* 18.

THE PARSONS' TRADE UNION.

The audacious intimation of Lord John Russell, given in his speech at the late dinner at Plymouth, of the intention of ministers to reform the church, renders it imperatively necessary that measures should be instantly taken to avert the storm which threatens the safety of our blessed establishment. From that deep reverence which we entertain for the church, we have been led to ponder on the danger to which it is exposed, and the result of our cogitation is that it is full time for the church to arouse itself! The bishops must be up and stirring! The clergy must bind themselves together in defence of religion and tithes—and "Canterbury, to the rescue!" must henceforward be the cry! We have the fullest confidence that these settlements will be responded to by the right reverend and holy men who are the true "defenders of the faith;" and we have therefore, unspeakable pleasure in proposing forf their deep consideration a plan for the formation o' a society to be called "The Parsons Trade Union!"

The main object of such society, as must be apparent, would be the protection of our ancient and "venerable" church, with all the godliness and good things appertaining thereto from the assaults and manchinations of the ungodly in these times of irreligious and revoluntionary frenzy. We cannot for a moment suppose it useful to enter into any laboured and lengthened reasoning to prove the fitness and immense benefit likely to result from such a union. The thing speaks for itself; and e-every denomination of the clergy, we are confident, from the lordly bishop to the starved curate, will hail with delight a scheme so admirably adapted to the necessities of the times. The church is in danger! Tithes are tottering! Its emoluments are slipping away—in revenues are awfully dimini-shing—its honours and privileges are in danger of falling into contempt and disrepute. Can the clergy be indifferent to these things? Can they slumber whilst their livings are in danger? Impossible. They will turn out like men, in defence of their rights, and show themselves worthy of the "order" to which they belong. Without further preface, therefore, we shall proceed to disclose the project we have digested for their especial benefit.

On account of the age and infirmities of his Grace of Canterbury, we would presume to recommend that Bishop Blomfield be called upon to take the lead in the formation of the union alluded to, as well by reason of his commanding influence as a metropolitan prelate, as his known zeal and craftiness in upholding the wealth and respectibility of the profession. The fiery Philpotts is doubtless ready to "serve the church i'the west;" and the rest of the bishops, according to their capabilities, may assuredly be depended on to devote themselves, body and soul, to the "good cause." We would advise every "Father in God" to convoke the clergy in his diocese, and cause subscriptions forthwith to be gathered together from *all the poor curates* and starving incumbents (the bishops being exempt on account of their rank), the proceeds of which to be applied to setting up Tory journals, and publishing pamphlets, smelling of sanctity and embalmed in the odour of "High Church" holiness; or otherwise appropriated, as the bishops, in full conclave assembled, may see good for the interests *of the trade in general.*—*Satirist, Dec,* 29.

POLICE.

WORSHIP-STREET.

A JUDGE AND JURY, NOT TRYING, BUT TRIED.—Mr. Broughton, the sitting magistrate, was one Monday occupied several hours in investigating a charge, in which not less than eighty-one prisoners were brought from the police station, in Bunhill-row, charged under the 3d William IV., cap. 19, sec. 31, as suspicious characters, being found in company with reputed thieves. They were apprehended in a beer-shop, known by the sign of "the Daniel O'Connell," in Whitecross-street. Inspectors Parry and Brundall said that in consequence of information they had received, that a beer-shop in Whitecross-treet, called the Daniel O'Connell, had become a receptacle for thieves, they went on Sunday night with a party of officers, and in a room up-stairs they found nearly 100 persons of all ages assembled together, drinking ale, of whom, a Mr. Palmer, who appeared to be their chairman, was dressed in a wig and gown.

Mr. Broughton—"Is he here?"—"Yes."

The chairman was here placed at the bar, attired in the costume of a learned judge.

Mr. Broughton—To the Inspectors—"When you went in what were they doing?"

Inspector—"They were sitting together drinking in groups."

Mr. Broughton—"Now, Mr. Palmer, what have you to say for yourself?"

Mr. Palmer—"I opened this club twelve months ago, *a judge and Jury Club*, and if you will allow me I will read you our rules.

Mr. Broughton—"Read them."

Mr. Palmer—"Rule 1. That the judge, jury, and counsel do attend every Sunday evening by seven o'clock.

"2d. No person can be allowed to sit as judge unles they have *fulfilled the place* as counsel in this court.

"3d. That the officer do collect all fines inflicted by the judge.

"4th. Any person interrupting the judge, jury, or counsel, shall be fined 1d. for each offence.

"5th. Any person calling his lordship by any other name than 'My Lord,' shall be fined 1d. for each offence.

"6th. Any person using profane language shall be fined 1d.

"7th. That the jury do not leave the court without the permission of the judge.

Then followed a long list of minor regulations, for a detail of which we have not room.

Serjeant Tilt said that on the *judge* being brought into the station-house, he treated the matter with contempt. He said to the whole assembly, "My power is at en end. I was in a superior court, now I am in a lower court—therefore, friends, make the best of it."

Mr. Broughton, who heard the charges with considerable patience, eventually dismissed the whole court, judge, jury, counsel, and suitors, with an admonition as to their future conduct, and some severe rema ks touching the character of beer-shop keepers in ge eral. [Here we have a sample of the pastimes of the humbler classes, not discreditable to them. Some, indeed, it may tend to qualify for making a figure at the *public bar*; but any thing is better than skittle and dog-fights.]

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—

Met again I calculate. Well! considerable strong? Right. Health restored, peace prevails, commerce prospers, population thrives, freedom flourishes and happiness te-te-tenaciously extended throughout the States. Good. Now to business.

The debt will be right on strangled this year at all advance; and now I see in the horison our *real independence*. This year, even when the throat of the debt is incontinently cut instead of a nonplus, we shall have a considerable surplus. That's the ticket. Now for the argument. Congress begins next year without a debt; good: the receipts excruciatingly exceed the expenditure; very good. Well! what then? Why Congress must still go on gathering and gathering, making the United States continue to fork up, and fork up the duties until we accomplish staunch and incontrovertible independence! Now you see I don't like to go slantendicularly to work. Perhaps there an't a man in the universe that likes things to be more upright and downstraight than myself, and therefore I shall go bolt forrard to the point at once. First then, what is independence? Wherein does it consist? Is it alone the state of being uncontrolled by strangers? Not a morsel of any such thing. Can a man be said to be independent who has to work? No. A really independent man is a man of real independence, and real independence consists in having sufficient property to live upon without the slightest compulsion to labour. This is decidedly incontrovertible; and thus it is with States. What State can be said to be really independent, whose people are compelled to toil? To call the United States "independent," while they contain the "working classes," is perfectly ridiculous. To independence we are fast approaching, but to independence we have not arrived. Let the Congress gather in the revenue and make the States regularly walk out the dollars, and if in a few years we dont save up a sufficient fortune to enable all in the nineteen states to retire from business and live comfortably upon their income, my name isn't Andrew Jackson! This and this only, is the way to achieve unquenchable independence. Large fortunes are made by activity: therefore mow down the Sacs and the Foxes with alacrity, who are now fighting-consarn'em!—fit to split. Large fortunes are made by care: therefore let's have no profligate expenditure. Large fortunes are made by sobriety; therefore cut away and establish lots of temperance societies. Let things go on thus, making the people fork up the duties specially, and if we dont get shortly enough to live upon, the reputation of being able to jump higher, sink lower, run farther, drive deeper, and keep under water longer, which I hold of you, not only take away, but let your sentence fall upon my horse!

Now, with respect to our position with strangers all goes on tarnation right, except with France, and she's a special bilk; but if she don't come clean up to the mark, 'cording to treaty, why, we don't stand it, that's all.

Since I last addressed you there has been a bit of a kick-up in some of the States, you know. Now, I hate such breezes as much as any cretur about nothing at all, and so I told 'em. But they've now come to their senses, and all civil dissensions are defunct.

But there's one thing I want you to look at specially, and that is the consumed interference of the tarnation Bank with the election of the representatives. Now, I 'stinctly deny that bribery can exist where there is no corruption. Where there is corruption, purity of election cannot be. We must have all fair above board, upright, downstraight, and perfectly parallel; and, therefore, I call upon Congress to play the devil with the people of the Bank by fine, stocks, imprisonment, or starvation, for using their 'tarnel influence on the slant at the last election.

And now I don't think there's any thing more that I have to say at present. The constitution has got a hole or two, but these we must endeavour to darn. We are not going to war, nor do we want. We have had two considerable ones, and never got thrashed yet; and while strangers give us their hands because they would get no good by withholding them, we are rapidly approaching real—mark that!—*real* independence, in the attainment of which you may take your oaths of the support of ANDREW JACKSON.

Washington, Dec. 3.

BRIGHTON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

Well, my dear Sat, *our* timely strictures on the exclusive system pursued by the self-elected junta of grandams, with Dowager Downshire at the head, and that heap of Scotch poverty, pride, and pomposity, Mrs. Cunynghame, at the tail, have proved I fear, but equivocal as to any salutary effect of which they have been productive;—swayed by fear of justly merited exposure, the principle of exclusion was not perhaps so rigidly acted upon. Many were there who were never there before, and many will be there on the next occacion who have hitherto experienced the most insulting treatment, and from whom? from their inferiors in every respect, whether considered on the score of fortune, family, or character. Humbug in every thing appears to be order of the day—it flourishes marvellously everywhere, but nowhere more conspicuosly than here, as the following hoax will testify;—A well-dressed person, who came down here, a short time since, was expressing a wish, in the coffee-room of an hotel, to see the inside of the Pavilion. It was pronounced impossible. "Leave your name at the Palace, and affix 'honourable' to it," observed a by-stander, "and you will receive an invitation to the first party given." He followed the proffered advice, and was invited accordingly. Thus are things managed, friend Sat, in this town: and if the same impudent adventurer had appended "honourable" to his name in a request to the lady patronesses of the Almacks for admission tickets, of course he would have been "favoured" with them.

Poor Prince Hoare—you know him, dear *Sat*—returning from Shoreham, ran his curricle against a stage-coach, which startling the horses, upset his carriage, and rolled the poor old gentleman and his housekeeper, head and heels together, into the road. Mr. Hoare, I regret to say, broke his arm. At the moment of the occurrence the King drove up, and perceiving the accident, he offered the unfortunate gentleman a seat in his carriage—which being respectfully declined, his Majesty courteously observed, "that a *Prince* was at all times privileged to ride with a *King*." His Majesty appeared to relish his joke far more than the *Prince* did his accident.

Can any thing be more savage, brutish, barbarous, and blackguardly, than cock fighting—worrying a cat with bull-dogs—tearing a badger to pieces with terries—baiting a bear or a bull—or mangling and torturing animals of any kind, however low in the scale of creation? These are the pursuits of vulgar-minded wretches, who are in point of feeling not one degree removed from cannibals. Over these monstrosities (humbug for ever!) we hear of the "softer sex" sometimes.

"Dropping tears as fast as the Arabian trees
The medicinal gums."

Where was that feeling on Monday last when crowds of tenderhearted females congregated by invitation of the Babylonish Duchess and her sappish Duke, dressed in a Bartlemy-fair suit, with gilt chains and tom-foolery ornaments. Well, the delicately-framed and tender hearted angels having assembled, the signal was given to prepare the victims, and let loose the hell-kites of ferocity. A harmless pigeon was thrown up, a falcon followed; the unoffending and defenceless victim screamed with affright, was struck, and—what?—did the fair friends faint?—Faint!—no, no;—shout and their lily hands in approbation of the dexterity of the feathered tyrant of the air. A second soon followed. A third victim sought refuge in the bosom of a lady in the carriage of the Earl of Moray, and was expelled. Expelled! Merciless savage in the form of woman! This is the nineteenth century, friend Sat. The delicacy of a woman's exterior is not akin, I grieve to say, to the sympathy of her heart. Good God! refuse the little innocent an asylum!—No other instance is wanting to prove the innate and unfeeling disposition of women in fashionable life. Victim after victim was killed, and not one sympathising response escaped the lips of a single female present! All was disgusting apathy and unfeeling cruelty. The scene of blood over, lords and ladies, bastards, bravos, maids of honour and maids without honour, mistresses of all castes followed per special invitation, the chief Merryandrew, and the woman who formerly lived as mistress to old Coutts, to their house in Regency-square, where a dejeune was provided for some three hundred persons, most of whom entered so far into the *spirit* of the day as to get riotously drunk, "preparatory," as local paper states, "to an adjournment to Lady Jane Peel's where a ball, on splendid scale was provided," and at which many who had previously tasted of the hospitality of the Duchess, by reason of the strong waters peculiar to her Grace's entertainments, forgot the etiquette of good breeding.—*Satirist, Jan.* 12.

AN "UNTOWARD" AFFAIR; OR THE "GREAT SECRET."

A dreadful noise of shouts and drumming.
Forwarned the *Greeks* that *Troy* was coming;
At last the roysters join in battle,
And clubs and staves and pot-lids rattle.
HOMER TRAVESTIE.

Sir WILLOUGHBY COTTON who was recently staying at Brighton, intending to indulge in the pleasure of corresponding with his absent *friends*, wrote two letters one to Lady Stanhope, the other to an intimate friend, a member of Crockford's, whose name is familiar to our readers. Before they were respectively addressed, Sir Willoughby had occasion to quit the room, and, on his return, the Fates and Bellona decreed that the letters should be misdirected—that the *one* intended for Lady Stanhope should reach the hands of his "friend," and *vice versa*. Now, it so happened, that the letter written to the lady was *most confidential*, and, being designed to please, was in no one respect deficient in that which ladies are said to delight in—flattery and scandal. Of the latter quality, it was charged to repletion from beginning to end—such a batch as makes us tremble to reflect upon. The most prominent character, however—the most piquantly delineated, was, *horribile dictu*! Count D'Orsay: his love of Lady Blessington, his hatred of his wife, separation from her and his gaming pursuits, were all dilated upon in the most uncourteous and undisguised language.

Sir Willoughby's "friend" thought the mistake too good to be confined to his own breast, and being of a most communicative disposition, and possessing a rate philanthropic spirit, he told it to one as a *great secret*. The result was, as a matter of course, that in less than half an hour afterwards, the whole particulars were the theme of discussion, loud and deep, at the pest-house of "Old Vulgarity." The Count could not do less than ask a friend's advice. This friend Colonel Lyster, lost not a moment in calling on Sir Willoughby at Brighton, and the conduct pursued by him was every way worthy of his past character. The truth was at one admitted, and disdaining by non-belligerent explanations to creep out of the affair, he preferred *fighting his way through it*, and a meeting appeared inevitable. How many might follow it was difficult to say, as Sir Willoughby's letter, the full substance and particulars of which are in our possession, is highly curious, for he not only with that dauntless intrepidity for which he is so celebrated, despatches the Count's good name and fame, but six other members of the *haut ton*, whose names before us, are *cut up* with an equally unsparing hand. Of course, much discussion followed this "untoward" business, as to whether the gentleman who had given birth to the mistake was excusable or not, and whether, if the Count did dispose of Sir Willoughby, or Sir Willoughby should attempt to *dispose* of his *friend*. But

"He who fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day."

So it will prove in this instance—not that there has been any "bolting" in the business, no "trembling," no "crouching," all has been manly, straight forward, and to the point. These are peaceful times—long may they continue so! Sir Willoughby, notwithstanding his declarations, "that apology or retraction was clean out of the way; that what he had written he stood forward manfully and honestly to avow," so satisfied the Count's honour, that the parties "bolstered up" their feelings and their grievances, shook hands, and in the presence of "my friend," Alvanley, and the Count's friend, Lyster, agreed to forget that such things were.—*Satirist, Jan.* 12.

IMITATIONS OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.

WENABLE'S OSSIAN.

It's werry fine to feed! Rich is the taste of turtle. Wanity is wast! It likes to waunt of wirtue. Wiew the glorious Moloch of the East! It sheds its lustre o'er the soul,, dispels the wapour what makes wacuum wenomous, and wariegates the wasty wegetable wale of wittles! Moloch shines wictorious; his wernal west, wermillion: wile is the wice of the witals! Yet how werry wenial! Sound a woluntary wolley of woluptousness; the wiand implements resound! The wesper of woracity still wibrates on the ear. Sweet is the wolatile woice of the wotaries! Not a westige shall perish. Peace! Peace! Peace to the souls of the wintners! Their deeds are deep in drink. Let them woyage on the clouds. Let them—hark! what wocal wolume of a woice is that? What wigorous wision is that ere? 'Tis Michael! the wender of weal. He rides like a wampire. The wolcano is his wehicle. Wehemently he wows? Wapid is the ghost of Michael. He loves to get drunk at the Rainbow, and smile through the tears of the sky! He now descends. 'Tis done! He comes to fill up the woid with wittles, and Wenables with wolubility is wast in wictory but werry woracious!

WELLINGTON'S OSSIAN.

War! War! War to the throat! 'Tis Arthur calls for war! His deeds are great in fight! Again, behold him riding o'er the slain! For civil war he calls! He pants for power, sighs for dominion, bleeds to be restored to rule! His trumpets sound: his party bray: his mymidons cry "blood and anarchy!" On! On! Arthur, on! To arms! To victory! We'll stop, by cutting, all rebellious throats. Through rough rebellion only can we rise! March on! 'Tis glory, interest, power call! Arthur obeys. Prepare! Rebellion is our game!

GLOUCESTER'S OSSIAN.

The night was dark. St. Paul's was snoring twelve! Consumption seized the fire. The lamp with its hectic blush gave tokens of decay. Nox had thrown his back veil o'er the face of nature. All was silent as a brick! No sound disturbed the harmony of peace, but life itself was imitating death when Gloster's ogle-boxes closed their lids! Serene is the sleep of the brave! Ecstatic the doze of the souls of the noble. He slept. Securely rapt in the embrace of Somnus. Mab was in rapture contemplating mirth! Troops of auxiliaries rose at her will. The monetaur vermin commenced the attack.—Painful the act of clandestine phlebotomy. Soft as the head was the skin of Gloster! Keen was the nocturnal scourge. He awoke! Harnessed with animated myriads. Without sword or shield he struggled with the enemy. Vain were the efforts of Gloucester! He called aloud on the name of his colonel. Arm'd cap a-pie *he* rushed to the field. Gloster roared like Baltic billows. He rose. The enemy laid in ambush. They were hotly pursued. The heroes looked after them sharp as a half-penny knife! The retreat was effectual. No trace could be found. The mangled, of sweet-scented savour, remained. The dead and the bleeding were left on the field, triumphant were the heroes! The trumpet of victory sounds! Completely vanquished were the foe, and the victors retired to roost!

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ELDON'S OSSIAN.

Dark—dark was the face of Nature. The Heavens sobbed with long-continued throes. The o'ercharged clouds bursting with sorrow, wept! Ethereal tears in torrents flowed. Dim were the eyes of the Tories! The deed was done: be it registered in black oblivion! A constitutional paralysis ensued. Dark were the prospects of England! Rebellion's chord was struck. It vibrates still! The tocsin, hark! it sounds the rude alarm! Fixed was the doom of the nation when Toryism fell. And will she rise again? Again? Again!—when prostrate—stuck irretrievably in the gulph of revolution? Never! Doomed is Albion—doomed, so help me God!

MISCELLANEA.

TEA OF SIBERIA,—M. Erman (the son of the celebarted naturalist of that name, at Berlin.) who lately travelled in Asia, gives the following account of the tea used by the Russians in Siberia —"The leaves of different shrubs and plants (the tea plant being entirely omitted) are heated and curled in the same way as those of China, and are then made into hard cakes with the serum of sheep's blood; when required for use, one of these cakes is boiled with milk, butter, or mutton suet, and a very wholesome and nourishing food is obtained. This and horse flesh, are the principle articles of food used in Siberia."

A CHARACTER.—Sneak "keeps a Sunday newspaper" as a reservoir for the filth of the week; he lets out a *cubinet d' aisance* for any man who wishes to be delivered of a lie. No trader of the kind can be more obliging or more ill-savoured: his soul stinks of his profession, and you spit when you hear his name. Sneak has run through all the circle of scoundrelism: whatever is most base, dastardly, and contemptible Sneak has committed. Is a lie to be told of a man? Sneak tells it. Is a Countess to be slandered? Sneak slanders her. Is theft to be committed? Sneak writes to you—"Sir, I have received some anecdotes about you, which I would not publish for the world if you will give me ten pounds for them." Sneak would declare his own mother a drab, and his father a hangman, for sixpence halfpenny. Sneak sets up for a sort of Beau Sneak—crawls behind the scenes, and chats with the candle-snuffer: when he gets drunk, Sneak forgers himself, and speaks to a gentleman; the gentleman knocks him down. No man has been so often kicked as Sneak—no man so often horsewhipped; his whole carcase is branded with the continuely of castigation:—methinks there is, nevertheless, another chastisement in reserve for him to the first convenient opportunity. It is a pity to beat one so often beaten—to break bones that have been so often broken; but why deny oneself an luxury at so trifling an expense?—it will be some honour to beat him worse than he had been beaten yet! Sneak is at heart the most miserable of men he is poisoned by the stench of his own disgrace: he knows that every man loathes him; he strives to buoy himself from "the dark abyss" of his infamy by grasping at some scamp of a lord. One lord, with one shred of character left to his back, promised to dine with him, and has been stark naked of a character ever since. Sneak has stuck up a wooden box in a nursery graden between Richmond and London, exactly of that description of architecture you would suppose him to favour: it is for all the world like the temple which a Cit erects to the Roman Goddess of Sewers; here "his soul still sits at squat." The little house stares you in the face, and reminds you at once of the nightman its owner. In vain would ingenuity dissociate the name of Sneak from the thought of the scavenger. This beautiful effect of the anonymous system I have thus honoured with mention, in order that posterity may learn to what degree of rottenness rascality can be corrupted.—*England and the English.*

It would seem to be the wish now-a days that none of the olden fashions should remain. Even in our Police Court, Bailie Lumsden administers the oath in a new form. The witness, in place of being sworn to "tell the truth as he shall answer to God at the great day of judgment," is now to do so as he "shall answer at the last day;" and we observe that one of the Reform Bailies in another town, who had been rather unexpectedly elevated to the bench, on being requested to take the oath of a witness, was placed in a grievous dilemma the other day, having seldom or ever been in a Court of Justice before. Recovering himself, however, he with great gravity addressed him as follows;—"Noo, Sir, haud up yeir haun, and say as shure's death ye'll tell the truth."—*Glasgow Herald.*

BERNADOTTE AND HIS "CAMARADE DE LIT."—Many people in France have witnessed, with much surprise the strange susceptibility of the King of Sweden, who has, like a child, vented his spleen on the French Government, the vaudevillists, and the press, and propagated menaces in all directions, merely because he happened to be made one of the characters in a *pièce de circonstance*, and thus has he rendered himself the laughing-stock of Europe. Their surprise, however, will perhaps cease to exist when they know that the incidents of the piece are not fictitious, but true. Charles John Bernadotte, when he was a soldier, had a companion who slept with him, named Thiebault, and who is now a ship-carpenter in the department of la Meuse, near Bois-le-Duc. In 1814, when there was not a generous heart in France which would not have swelled with indignation at the name of Bernadotte, he still had one friend remaining, who had long wept over him, and had not yet either been able to forget or despise him: this friend was Thiebault. The latter, less fortunate, or perhaps more fortunate, than his *camarade de lit*, had, after the wars of the Republic, returned to his own village, and, placing his musket over the chimney of his cottage, resumed his former condition and employment. He would have been proud of having had a King for a bedfellow, if that King had not betrayed France. He often thought upon the fact himself, but never mentioned it to any one. 15 years rolled on, during which time Bernadotte sat on the throne, and Thiebault continued his humble avocations. Suddenly the revolution of July broke out. A thought struck Thiebault,—his friend—his brother-in-arms—his bedfellow!—might he not reinstate himself in his friendship? Thiebault took up his pen and wrote: but it was with painful feelings that he had to correct his familiar style; the words "Sire," and "your Majesty," appeared so extraordinary between Bernadotte and himself, that he had to recommence his letter several times, that he might write "Sire," instead of "My dear friend," and "your Majesty," instead of "you." At length he finished his letter, and succeeded in expressing himself in good terms of etiquette. In his letter to His Majesty he related the events of the revolution of the three days, expressing the apprehensions of France at a time when Europe seemed to be ready to fall upon that country. "Perhaps," said he, "if a new coalition should be formed against France, we would fight against her enemies as we did when I had the honour of being the bedfellow of your Majesty." Then he besought him to recall to mind his native country, again to become a Frenchman at heart, and to risk his crown for France, if she should be again threatened. Bernadotte replied to his letter, not, indeed, to say that he still remembered France, or that he was ready to serve her, but to send 200 francs to a man whose name His Majesty said he had not forgotten. At the reception of such a notice of his letter he could no longer contain his indignation. The next day was Sunday, and he assembled all the inhabitants of the parish as they were proceeding to mass, read to them his own letter, next that of His Majesty, and then taking the royal donation threw it into the Meuse.—*Le Temps.*

THE EFFECT OF WOMAN'S EYE UPON AN EXECUTIONER.—Anne Boloyn, being on the scaffold, would not consent to have her eyes covered with a bandage, saying that she had no fear of death. All that the divine who assisted at the execution could obtain from her was, that she would shut her eyes; but as she was opening them at every moment, the executioner could not bear their mild and tender glances; fearful of missing his aim, he was obliged to invent an expedient to behead the queen. He drew off his shoes, and approached her silently; while he was at her left hand, another person advanced at her right, who made a great noise in walking, so that this circumstance drawing the attention of Anne, she turned her face from the executioner, who was enabled to strike the fatal blow, without being disarmed by that spirit of affecting resignation which shone in the eyes of the lovely Anne Boleyn.—*D'Israel's Curiosities of Literature.*

OLD WOMEN.—Some able painter of modern manners, Walpole, if we remember aright, attributes the failing of our conversational energies in the present to the deficiency of these obsolete charmers. "There are no longer any old women!—Plenty of smart dowagers, in rayen wig and a mask of rough—plenty of grizzly Hebes, in gossamer and *marabouts*—but "no old women." A model of the late Mrs. Howe ought, certainly, to have been taken in wax, and transferred to the glasscases in Westminster Abbey, as a monument to the honour of her sex, in expiation of the insolent effigies of Katherine, Duchess of Buckingham, which grace or disgrace that "place of thousand tombs." The very type of old womanhood is gradually becoming lost. It is a curious circumstance, that most ancient heroes, and most modern philosophers and poets, have been remarkable for a predilection for the society of old women, the ancient heroes, according to the custom of their times, dedicating their veneration to their nurses; the modern philosophers to some aged mother, sister, or friend, in whose wrinkled countenance they beheld the reflecting of eternity. Pope gloried in rocking the cradle of declining age for a parent who appears to have struck the Horeb-like rock of his selfish soul, till streams of tenderness gushed forth. Moliere's old woman has afforded a proverb to posterity: Cowper's Mrs. Unwin, an object of reverence. Johnson—himself infirm and poor—had a more infirm and poorer companion in his old Mrs. Williams. Northcote had his sister—Walpole, his Madame du Deffend—even Calvin the rigid was mild as May to his old mother. Sir Joseph Banks, the oldest, was also the most popular President of which the most learned of societies has yet boasted: because, instead of courting "one fair spirit for his minister," he had two old women to pour out his tea—"Miss Banks, and her Ladyship;" while Sir Humphrey, his successor, was actually pushed from his stool, because his domestic and scientific happiness was presided over by a woman who did not choose to be old. For some of the best of his stories, for all those containing reminiscences of Jacobite romance, Scott boasts himself to have been indebted to an old aunt. Beranger, the Seneca of songsters, protests that he owes all his best affections, nay, even life itself, to another old aunt, who carried him home through a storm in which he had been struck by lightning. Byron, courted by all the youth and beauty of the voluptuous court of George IV., admits, in his letters, that he was, after all, most attracted by Lady M——h, who had not been young or beautiful since the meridian of George III. This we regard as a proof that he had never seen Lawrence's portrait of the Dowager Lady Spencer. If ever there smiled a venerable face, to form the *beau ideal* of a septuagenarian muse, for the idolatry of a poet of five-and twenty--*that* is the one; a model for the Eve of a new Paradise of wisdom and virtue!

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MAN AND THE MONKEY.—The first distinction that would undoubtedly strike an observer of an ourang and human being placed in the same enclosure would be the position and attitude; and a closer attention would soon convince, that the corresponding members in each, while beautifully formed for their proper uses, could not be employed to perform similar actions, with an equal degree of strength, firmness, or ease. Few persons in the present era, will assert,

"——men have four legs by nature,
And that 'tis custom makes them go
Erroneously upon but two."

While the fact, that nature, in the world assumes any except the erect attitude, will be sufficiently conclusive, without making use of the many arguments which might be drawn from the adaptation of stricture. Let us now see how this agrees with the natural gait of the ourangs. In man, the limbs, the principal organs of progression, and of maintaining the upright position, are equal in length to the head and trunk together, while the upper extremities are comparatively short. The glutei muscles are the largest in the human body, and the gastromen, or calf, are of immense power, and terminate, in the powerful cord, intersected in the extremity of the bone, forming the heel or os calcis. These, however, would be insufficient without a surface or base on which the trunk itself cold rest; and we find this supplied by a board and capicious pelvis, with which the thigh-bones form a right angle, by means of the length of the *cerfic femoris*, or neck of the thigh-bone. In the ouraugs, on the contrary, and indeed in all the monkeys, the lower extremities are comparatively short, while the upper, or arms, are very long so as to allow the knuckles to be applied to the ground when the animal is nearly erect, and which is, in fact, the mode of progression always adopted when necessity requires this position. The black ourang noticed by Dr. Tyson advanced in this manner, and that dissected by Dr. Traill was observed never to place "the palms of the hands on the ground." Dr. Abel's red orang performed "the progressive motion by placing his bent fists upon the ground, and drawing his body between his arms." The narrowness of the pelvis, and the short neck of the fumur, forming an acute angle with the spine, also render the erect position impossible for any time, and always irksome, which is farther confirmed by the weakness of the muscles. The glutei are scarcely visible, and the calves are very weak. But the most marked peculiarity in the foot and one which is instantly perceived, is the great length of the phalanges or toes, and the position of the great toe, which is placed nearly in the line with the ankle, and does not reach, at the nail within an inch of the first metatarsal joint, having the appearance of a thumb and hand whose office it in reality performs. Nor is the internal conformation less remarkable; the whole arrangement of muscles is much nearer to that of a hand: but the thumbs of both the fore and hind extremities have no separate flexor longus, (long flexor) but receive tendons from the flexors of the fingers. "Hence, the thumbs in these animals will generally be bent together with the other fingers; and they are less capable of these actions in which the motion of the thumb a combined with that of the fore and middle finger—a combination so important in numerous delicate operations." The upper extremity approaches much nearer to the human form, and in its similarity points out the unfitness of these animals for a constant quadruped motion. The inferior structure of the hands, and particularly the thumbs shows them fitted for grasping, alone, and incapable of performing any nice mechanical operation, while the great comparative length indicates their utility in climbing, and therefore their fitness for an arboreal life. "The brute face," says Lawrence, "is merely an instrument, adapted to procure and prepare food, and often a weapon of offence and defence. The human-countenance is an organ of expression, on outward index of what passes in the busy world within. In the animal, the elongated and narrow jaws with their muscles, with their sharp cutting teeth, or strong pointed and formidable fangs, compose the face; the chin, lips cheeks, eyebrows, and forehead are either removed, or reduced to a size, and form, simply necessary for animal purposes; the nose is contounded with the upper jaw and lip, or, if more developod, is still applied to offices connected with procuring food." In the whole we have the muzzle, or snout of an animal, not the countenance of a human being.—*The Naturalist's Library.*

PROCESSION OF MONKS.—The most curious sights at this time were the endless and many-coloured procession of the monks of the different orders through the streets of the city [Leghorn.] First advanced all the chief people of the town in procession, and clothed in habits of different hues, whereby they were covered from head to foot, holes for their eyes alonebeing left to enable these sinners to find their way through the streets. Their cap was shaped like a child's fool's-cap at school, namely, pyramidal, and pointed at the top. One body of these penitent laymen had habits of a blood-red colour, another of dark brown, and a third of black. An immense quantity of priests followed, of the different orders, and divided into large companies of which not fewer than sixteen paraded through the town,—the whole population being drawn out of their houses to behold the solemn farce. The monks kept up a grave and heavy chant, which was to be heard throughout the town (except at those intervals when they stopped to take breath) the whole of the day, and wearied the ear with its dull, unimpressive sound. A muffled drum and triangles were distinguished above the slow tread of the procession, and each monk and layman carried an immense wax-candle, longer than himself,—a number of old women, who pressed close on the sides and rear of the procession, coming in for the honour of bearing a sacred candle also. An image of Christ, wrapped in black cloth, was borne on a bier, behind which came an aged priest, bearing a thick and heavy cross, intended to represent the cross once borne for the sins of mankind. Beneath its weight, however, it was not necessary for him to *feign* weariness, for the day being extremely sultry, and the way long, the old father straggered and groaned in good earnest beneath his burden. All the churches were filled, and splendidly lighted up; and in the evening the feet of the poor of the town were publicly washed on the steps of the churches by the chief and richest inhabitants, in token of their humility. But after all this parade of piety and self-denial, the licentiousness that reigned throughout the place, as night closed, could not be exceeded. The passions that had been reigned in during the processions and services, were now let loose without restraint, and both streets and houses presented scenes of wild and reckless dissipation.—*Carne's Letters from Switzerland and Italy.*

RUSTIC INNOCENCE.—There was a cause tried last week for, in this instance, miscalled seduction, wherein the simplicity of an impudent girl was attempted to be shown in a very striking light. She, accompanied by a friend, paid a visit to two officers in certain barracks; but in the artlessness of her mind, she asked in the road thither, what was her friend's object in going to such a place; the friend replied "*to see something particular.*" Female curiosity was naturally immediately excited at such an equivocal hint, and my lady also went "to see something particular;" the particulars of which particular something were fully developed on the trial.

The *Herald* of Tuesday, after alluding to Mrs. Harriet Arbuthnot's pension of more than 900*l.* per annum, is vociferous in demanding that the service by which that and similar pensions were granted should be made public. We should be sorry to accuse the editor of so decorous a paper of a wish to promote immorality; but our own opinion is, that the least that is said about the nature of such services the better for public virtue. We really have too much modesty to dilate on such matters: as they sometimes write on the walls, "Decency forbids."

Three of the Fitzclarences figure in the profligate pension list, at 500*l.* a year each. We should like exceedingly to know what public services have been rendered for this handful of the national money. It may be all very well to pocket these and such like sums; it is the payment we quarrel with; at least, we have a right to be assured that the recipients have "done the State some service."

FEELINGS ON THE FIRST VIEW OF THE RUINS OF BAALBEC.—The last rays of the setting sun, ere he sank in a flood of glory behind Lebanon, were gilding the upper portion of the temples and columns, while the gradually encroaching shadows of the mountains had thrown the gigantic platform upon which they stood into obscurity. The colossal magnitude of this enormous mass, the effect of which was heightened to sublimity by the uncertain light, filled the breast with the deepest impressions of awe. It appeared the work of some mightier being than man. The Cyclopean remains in Italy dwindle to nothing in comparison; while above shooting up into the twilight, rose the columns of a later age.—so light, so beautiful, so exquisitely proportioned! The contrast was wonderfully triking. It was Ariel mounted on a mammonth's back.—*Three Weeks' in Palestine and Lebanon.*

HORRIBLE PRACTICE.—Every one must be aware that savages, when depending upon the chase for subsistence, sometimes suffer greatly from famine, and in consequence do not hesitate to destroy their new-born children: but this is an act of necessity, and if done by theNew Hollanders, is done by them in common with others. I was told that the natives about Lake George were in the habit of having recourse to this horrible practice. They have also a custom so extraordinary that I should have hesitated to mention it, if it had not been related to me by a gentleman well acquainted with them. He said he had *seen* them bleed themselves with a bit of flint or a shell, and allow the blood to flow into a sort of dish made of bark: the latter was placed upon the warm embers, until its contents were somewhat dried: the blood was then eaten! If this was not borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, I know not what is. May not this strange practice be some superstitious ceremony? I heard also that the native women, both in this part of the colony and elswhere, sometimes put their children to death, in order that they may be enabled to suckle whelps of the dogs, by which they are invariably accompanied. This idea is so monstrous that I do not believe it; but that they do frequently suckle the whelps is well known to be the case.—*Bretan's Excursion in New South Wales.*

A TURKISH DOMESTIC ESTABLISHMENT.—A long room, communicating with several others, is the ordinary living apartment of the women and female domestics. In this room all the household operations, such as sewing, spinning, weaving, &c. are performed, and here, too, they take their meals. Around this room is a range of closets or cupboards three feet high, which contain domestic utensils, clothes, and other articles appertaining to a household. Upon the top of these closets they sleep at night, and, similar to the men, with their clothes on. This unseemly practice they have in common with the Greeks, who do not, however, correct it like the Turks by frequent ablutions, and who are said, at least the lower classes, to wear out a suit of clothes before it leaves their backs. The apartments for the husband and the male domestics offer nothing peculiar, except that they are distinct from those of the women; in some houses the communication is completely cut off, except by a single door, of which the husband and wife have each a key. In others, the food prepared by women is conveyed into the salamlike by means of a revolving cupboard, similar to the contrivances used in the convents of Europe. The entrance from the streets is equally distinct, and it is needless to add, that the women have free ingress and egress. It is probable that the women are quite as much satisfied with this arrangement as the men; and if the truth could be ascertained, it would no doubt be discovered, that it originated with the women themselves. They must certainly be rid of those thousand petty annoyances which we are assured on competent authority, even the best of hasbands are but too apt to create in an orderly family. For example, they are free from the nuisance of tobacco-smoke, of entertaining husband's "dear five hundred friends," of being compelled to listen to long-winded prosy conversations on trade or politics, and they are scarcely responsible for husband's appearance when he goes abroad. As they take their meals separately, there can be no sour looks or tart remarks should the beef be undone, or the soup be parboiled; and as the marketing is done by the women, the poor men, must, perforce, receive thankfully whatever is placed before him, and swallow it without grumbling.—*Sketches of Turkey by an American.*

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